ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

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BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1874.

NO. 8.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. BARTON.

A. C. ROBINSON. DEALER IN CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR.

D. McDOUGALL, A TERCHANT TAILOR, AND DEALER IN GENTS'

PALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

MILLINERY, DRESSMAKING AND PATTERN Booms. Barton, Barton Landing & Newport.

M. HUBBARD. HOUSE PAINTER, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER and Imitator of Wood and Marble, A. B. BLAKE,

I clasp'd her to my bosom! MANUFACTURER OF FLOUR, MEAL & FEED, Dealer in all kinds of Grain. The golden hours on angel wings, Flew o'er me and my dearie; JOHN ARKLEY. For dear to me as light and life MACHINIST AND CUSTOM BLACKSMITH. Was my sweet Highland Mary.

FIRE, FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE And, pledging aft to meet again, MANUAL SAND PAPER Hanger, All work warranted, Saws filed and set, But oh! feil death's untimely frost GROUT & BALDWIN.

J. N. WEBSTER.

C. F. PERCIVAL. LALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS & CASKETS O, pale, pale now, those rosy lips

J. N. WEBSTER, DHOTOGRAPHER DEALER IN STEREOSCOPES, Views, Oval, Square, and Rustic Frames.

DALE & ROBINSON. TTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW.

TARNESS MAKER AND TRIMMER. REPAIR-M. SARGENT.

MANUFACTURER OF CUSTOM MADE BOOTS and Shoes. Repairing promptly attended to at GENT FOR THE CHAMPLAIN MUTUAL FIRE

surance Co., Burlington, Vt. Insurance of a red in the best Stock and Mutual Companie J. W. HALL & CO., DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS and Caps, W. I. Goods, Groceries and General levelandise. Will take Produce in exchange. W. F. ROBINSON. EALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, FLOUR, Sait, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, and Rendy Made

WHITCHER & CLARK. DEALER IN STOVES, TIN, JAPAN, WOOD CHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. SPECIAL

PROPRIETOR OF THE ORLEANS COUNTY Marble Works, Foreign and American Marble, J. L. WOODMAN,

YEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, AND FINDINGS Who when Tom licked me black and blue Did not turn round and lick me, too-Saving "'Tis my duty so to do?" W. B. CRITCHETT.

DAINTEE AND GLAZIER. GRAINING, WHITE-washing and Paper Hanging done in the best tyle and sutisfaction guaranteed. Orders solicited. Who told me pluck and luck must win. And taught me to "put up a fin." UCCESSOR TO F. P. CHENEY, WILL CONTINUE to sell a Large Variety of Sewing and Knitting Till I could trounce that Tom like sin?

E. F. DUTTON. COCCESSOR TO WM. JOSLYN & SONS DEALER | Nor dropped them in the mimic "Bank?" in Drogs, Medicines, Dye Stuffe, Paints, Oils, Jap Furpontine, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass Books, Stationery and Fancy Goods.

L. B. WOOD, JR. & CO., MANUFACTUREDS OF WOOD, METAL, GLASS. Canvass and Paper Signs. Banner, Scene ental Painting, &c. Proprietors of Wood's Sta F. T. FORSAITH.

GLOVER.

C. L. FRENCH, M. D., MITSICIAN AND SURGEON.

E. E. FOSTER. DEOPRIETOR UNION HOUSE. STAGE LEAVES for Montpelier Mondays, W. s. and for Barton twice a day.

D. L. DWINELL. YEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, Cape and General Merchandise. Lean Water on hand and for sale. N. M. SCOTT,

MOPRIETOR GLOVER FLOURING MILLS. lest brands Family Flour always on hand. Also and other feed. N. B. Particular attention paid detom Grinding. J. W. SCOTT

YEALER IN HARNESSES, RIDING BRIDLES. olars and Horse Clothing, Blankets, &c. All f trimming,—Robber and Leather Covered, Thursd, Japanned and Gold Plate. Repairing

J. E. DWINELL. ANUFACTURER and dealer in Furniture of all kinds and descriptions Carpets, Room Paper and fixtures also Coffins and Caskets, Picture

IRASBURGH. R. S. ORNE.

DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS AND CASKETS, Irasburgh, Vt. 2-24 Suicide is now placed within the reach W. D. TYLER. of the poorest. Kerosene is only 15 A Trorney, Counsellor and solicitor.
Also Insurance Agent, Irasburgh, Vt. 2-24 many other places. L. H. THOMPSON. A man was boasting that he had been

A FFORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR Also Bounty and Pension Agent Irasburgh, Vt married for twenty years and had never given his wife a cross word. Those who E. W. POWELL, PROPRIETOR IRASBURGH HOUSE, Irasburgh. know him say he didn't dare to. Vi. A good Livery in connection with the Stage leaves for Barton Landing Depot twice

W. L. RUSELL, HALEE IN DRUGS, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Stationery, Blank Books, Candies, Cigars, Tobacco, et Song, Fancy Articles, and all the Popular Patent

We were once amused at hearing a gentleman remark that he was a bachelor. THE SAME OLD CHAP AS EVER, always on as was his father before him. An Indiana editor mildly remarks: n ware. Livery Stable and Groceries, Victualses 'If you cannot bring us wood, remember Roose, and Clipper Scythes, with other Estables, good place for travelers horses at his tarn.—

MISCELLANEOUS,

MADISON COWLES,
VEALER IN READY MADE COFFINS, CASKETS,
Borial Robes, and Trimmings of every descripTerms reasonable. West Albany, Vt. P. R. KENDALL.

TORNEY RARRON LANDING VERMONT

AS RECENTLY OPENED A FANCY GOODS Store at Barton Landing in Austin & Joslyn's there she will do Millinery and Dress Fitting in all and most approved styles. For further notice 11 Barton Landing, Sept. 25, 1873.

No, massa, replied Sam; same drunk, same drunk, massa. W. W. MILES. the custom is, having published the A TTORNEY AT LAW. North Craftsbury, Vt. banns of matrimony between two persons was followed by the clerk, reading ROBBERT GILLIS. the hymn, beginning with these words:

DEALER IN HARNESSES, blankets, whips, curry combs, &c., Barton Landing, Vt. A. D. MASSEY, DEACTICAL MASON.

J. F. WRIGHT. Doyskrian and Surgeon. Office at his residence, Barton Landing, Vt. DR. O. A. BEMIS,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Craftsbory, Vermont. CUTLER & GOSS. MANUFACTURERS of Carriages and Sleighs, Greensboro, Vt.

E. G. STEVENS. SURGEON DENTIST. At Little's Hotel in Barton Village every Wednesday. Barton Landing, Vt. Highland Mary.

How rich the hawthorn's blossom :

As underneath their fragrant shade.

Our parting was fu' tender

We tore oursels asunder:

That nipt my flower sae early!

That wraps my Highland Mary!

I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!

And clos'd, for ay, in silent dust,

That heart that lo'd me dearly!

But still, within my bosom's core,

Shall live my Highland Mary.

And did not fret and feel annov

My Father.

Who hailed me first with rapturous Joy,

When the nurse said: Why, she's a boy

My Father.

Who gave the nurse a half a crown.

Of course he held me upside down?

My Father.

Who ne'er to cut my hair did try-

My Father.

Who sat me in the barber's chair

Instead, and had him cut my hair

Who when I had a little fight

Because Tom tore my paper kite

My Father.

And bit me, said I did just right?

My Father.

My Father.

My father.

Who pennies ac're refused to plank,

Where I could only hear them clank?

Ne'er thought 'twould give me muci

To send tracts to some heathen boy?

Who bought me ponies, guns and sich,

And gave me leave to fork and pitch,

While he raked up to make me rich?

And who, at last, when all was done.

Passed in his checks, and, noble one.

My Father.

-John Paul in N. Y. Tribune.

A little girl in Des Moines wants to

A Western butcher, whose premises

The Patrons of Husbandry have start-

ed a newspaper in Wisconsin entitled the

If your neighbor's hens are troublesome

of a couple "resolving themselves into a

committee of two, with power to increase

A Mississippi paper says: Give a ne-

Boasting is something out of place.

not forgotten, if the stove is cold."

Any boy can learn to chew tobacco by

A gentleman, finding his servant in-

toxicated, said: What, drunk again,

Sam? I scolded you for being drunk

last night, and here you are drunk again.

The clergyman in a certain town, as

Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven.

in the bottom of the coach. You have

left your beau behind, said a lady pas-

innocently replied the damsel.

heroes of antiquity."

senger. No I havn't, he's gone a fishing.

dress you to-night on the life and adven-

being hopeful and persevering, but unless

gro a spavined mule, a single-barreled pistol and a brass watch and you make

him supremely happy.

Left all he had to me, his son?

know why there are no he dolls.

were robbed, said he "lost flesh.

And steal across the way,

Don't let your angry passions rise.

But fix a place for them to lay.

Morving Machine.

the number."

My Father.

My Father.

Who, when I wished to buy a toy,

Like my big brothers, good and square

And cutting every hair awry?

To let him hold me-awkward clown,

-Robert Burns.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around With marks of a rough, stormy life The castle o' Montgomery. all over him, a man of about fifty years. Green be your woods, and fair your flowgray and sunburnt, sat in my office. Your waters never drumlie!

There simmer first unfald her robes. morning not long ago. And there the langest tarry; "Here is somebody waiting for you, for there I took the last fareweel Elwell," said Mr. Bigelow. O' my sweet Highland Mary. I looked around, and the man rose How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birl

and held out his hand. "Averill-my name is Averill." said he, looking sharply at me out of a pair of your mother; but I have not met her for a matter of five-and-twenty years. Wi' many a vow, and lock'd embrace.

Taking it for Granted.

and her family." you a relative of my mother ?"

"No," replied Mr. Averill. "We were of the same name, but not connected-Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay unless it may be very distantly. I used to know her and her folks, though, as well as I did my own sisters, and better too. Let's see-where is your Aunt Au. He went abroad, to England and Rome gusta now ?"

> Portland," said I. asked Mr. Averill.

"Very well when we heard last. My Aunt Augusta has good children and a pleasant home, and seems quite happy." "Um-m-m-m! That is nice," said

I hadn't much to do that day, so 1 her glasses, and singing a snatch of some old, half-forgotten love-ditty of her youth.

her song. "Come in the other room, An old friend of yours wants to see you." Mother looked up over her glasses.

"An old friend? 'Tisn't any of the Maine folks, is it ?" she asked.

would have run, with her arms out and square pews and a high box pulpit. a smile of welcome, without stopping to The first Sunday after Aunt Augusta a dust of flour on her nose, and without fashionably dressed in a black crape

at her guest, and he stood and looked at | her eyes were as black as her gown.

she said, at last.

pecially Mr. Averill.

ed to know the difference.

was seated. "You haven't lost your them before, they looked then, sweet tooth, have you, Sam ?" The Burlington (Iowa) Daily speaks

Sam, admiringly.

"I should think I ought to," answerdaughter, she that was Sarah Curly, has the pillars in the gallery. lost her husband ?"

ing from his old neighbors every week. one of old Si Seaver's boys the oldest be done. It was not two days more be- "I took it you knew my mind," reor else six, I don't know.which."

his hips are fully developed he cannot his shirt foam jauntily out over the top. lost his sweet tooth.

ed his pipe and listened. It was the in his thoughts, first time I ever allowed anybody to "I hope," said my Uncle Nathan, lighted it for him. And then he told erill. He has no continuity to him." force and fascination.

Miss Anna Dickinson was to lecture his father and my mother's father lived called again. He thought perhaps Miss aunt Augusta, and learn how the world on "Joan d'Are" to a western audience in a town in the valley of the Kennebec. Augusta didn't know the swamp-pinks had fared with her. For in all these and was introduced as follows: "Ladies | My mother's father was a large farmer were out, and so he brought her a hand- years of buying and selling and getting and gentlemen. Miss Dickinson will adand Mr. Averill's father was a very ful, that he got on the way over from gain, he had kept the empty room in his tures of John Dark, one of the greatest small farmer with a very large family. Cowesett. So his youngest son, Sam, came to work Aunt Augusta had a weakness for love.

were twins, and I suppose by the way they look now that they must have been pretty then. My mother was early en-

found him there when I went in one gaged and married to my father; but there was Augusta, and there was Sam; and where one was you might usually find the other near at hand. Sam never said anything, he was not of a demonstrative kind, but he knew how he felt, and he supposed Augusta knew, too.

So the years budded and blossomed of shrewd gray eyes. "I am an old friend and brought forth fruit, until at last Sam went down to Connecticut to take charge of a saw-mill for an uncle of his. So I thought I'd call and ask after her He wrote to Aunt Augusta and Aunt Augusta wrote to him; and now and "I am glad to see you," said I. "Are then he came to Maine on business, always going to my grandfather's before he went home, and carrying himself to-

ward Augusta like an accepted lover. After a few years he found himself possessed of twelve thousand dollars, and immediately went to work to spend it. and Egypt and Paris and Germany and "She is living with her children in Sweden and Russia and everywhere. When he came home at last it was with "Pretty well, is she, do you know?" only fifty dollars in his pocket. So next he went out among the copper mines of Lake Superior, and in time was again possessed of twelve thousand dollars.

"Now I will come home and marry Augusta, and settle down," said he to Mr. Averill, fumbling at a rough nugget himself. But he didn't say it to anyof gold that hung as a charm from his body else. It never occurred to him that it was necessary.

Meantime my Aunt Augusta had not talked off and on with my visitor till it stood like a rose in a pot, waiting for was time to go home, and then took him the gardener to come and pick it. She along with me. I left him in the sitting cast out her roots and threw up her room and went to find mother. She was | branches and bloomed as though it was mixing biscuits for supper, looking thro' enough to fulfill the laws of being and beauty for their own sakes.

In that simple neighborhood work was supposed to be the chief end of every-"Mother !" said I, breaking in upon body. So Aunt And to remove to where her brother Nathan lived, and set up for herself.

Coos was a little crumb of a town in those days; but it held up its head and Because, if it was so much as a dog had its stores and its mills, and its shops, that had trotted across a corner of the and its great white meeting house on a State of Maine, on his four legs, mother hill, with galleries on three sides and

even wash the dough off her hands. As went there, she climbed the hill, of it was, with only an indefinite thought course, and went in the front pew with of seeing "an old friend," she went with Uncle Nathan and his wife. She was gown, a scarlet shawl and a white silk As soon as she had stepped inside the bonnet with pink roses inside. Her sitting-room door, she stood and looked cheeks were as pink as her roses, and

There was no need that Mr. Keeler "It is Sam, as true as you are born !" should point her out to the young men, but he took the pains to do it. Mr. Keel-Then they both laughed, and then er, the minister, was a little, lank man, of breath, "Sam Averill has come, and they both wiped their eyes, though they as plain and gray as a dor-bug, and so you must go right up and get Augusta didn't seem like that sort of people, es- afraid of the pomps and vanities that he to name the day, or you will lose her. I wouldn't wear buttons on his coat. No will keep him out of the way as long as I never knew mother to forget her sooner had his eyes fallen on Aunt Au. I can." housekeeping before, but this time she gusta, settling herself in the front pew Abner dropped his hammer, without let the biscuit burn till they were black like a variegated tulip, than he dropped saying a word, and went up the street, as my shoe; and when she mixed some the subject he had started upon for his rolling down his shirt-sleeves as he went. more she put in sugar instead of salt, sermon, and began to preach against con- An hour after uncle Nathan came home and left out the saleratus altogether. formity to the world. He was a sincere, with Sam Averill. But her cheeks grew pink, and her cap earnest man, and he preached with all "Oh, honey !" cried my mother, hop ger at the scarlet shawl and pink roses.

Among those who were obedient to "How you do remember !" returned the ministerial forefinger, was Abner Stanton, the village blacksmith.

Abner Stanton's heart was a good deal ed my mother, with a girlish laugh. like his iron-not easily melted-but "The way you used to pick up walnuts when it once had been hammered into a cents a gallon at Worcester, Mass., and to carry to the cross-roads store and shape, there it was, fixed and steadfast. said my aunt Augusta, when he had told trade for molasses and make candy of! And to-day Aunt Augusta's eyes went his errand East. "I have just engaged Speaking of the cross-roads store, I won- through it like red-hot arrows as he myself to another man." der if you know our old storekeeper's peered around at her from behind one of

"No, has she? Strange I never heard made. The day after, he came to bring to have waited till I came." of it," replied Mr. Averill, appearing as the buttons for it; and the day after astonished as though he had been hear- that he thought, as he was going by, he my aunt, with a little pride. "How was would call and see if she had everything I to know what you meant? You never "Yes," said my mother. She married she needed, and how soon the vest would spoke a word."

not." said he.

"You don't say !" ejaculated Mr. Av. The letter was from Sam Averill, tell- But it isn't right and it never will be." erill, passing his honey plate for the ing about the luck he had had in min- "Mr. Stanton is a worthy man; just wear pants without suspenders, and have third time. No, evidently he had not ing, the weather, and the fact that he as good as gold, clear through to the won't deny that it was all a mistake my men and horses to escape to shore, which After supper, mother washed up the the home he was building in his fancy, never said anything," repeated my poor dishes and talked, and Mr. Averill smok- and the figure that was always central aunt Augusta : "I will be your friend,

to say now. I even filled his pipe and mind on such a rolling stone as Sam Av- aunt Augusta and Abner Stanton were the story of his life, which had been full "If we are going to hunt for a man the wedding, and then he went off, and of strange and interesting adventures. that has no faults in this world, we'll had never been heard of again until to-He was evidently a man who did not have a long road of it," returned Aunt day, by aunt Augusta's family, A young woman, on alighting from a read much and who could not have writ- Augusta, bearing down the heavy press. He went to California, throwing stage, dropped a ribbon from her bonnet | ten well, but he could talk ; not always | ing-iron upon her seam as though she whole life into work ; his work prospergrammatically, perhaps, but always with were trying to crush the life out of some- ed, and he had come back now with

It seemed that years and years ago, In less than a week, Abner Stanton a rich man. He had come back to find

for my grandfather. My mother and my flowers-she and my mother are alike Aunt Augusta were young girls-they about that-and she put a cluster of the been happy. It is very dangerous for a mother, fluttering up after another plate locked at her with admiration in every hair of his head.

ould always sit in a rocking-chair and wear swamp-pinks !" said he. "Abner Stanton is a most excellent

an," quoth Uncle Nathan, when he had gone his way, "an esquire and the head man in town. He's all wheat and no chaff. He'll make a first rate of a husband, and the girl who gets him will get a prize."

Aunt Augusta made some fierce clippings with her great tailor's shears, but she said nothing, and presently went up stairs to answer Sam Averill's letter.

The next day Abner Stanton called to see Uncle Nathan on business, and she sent her letter to the office by him. So the months drifted along, one after another, like pictures in a magic-lantern. Abner Stanton came often on one excuse or another, or on none. He brought flowers, and berries strung on grass, and sweet flag-root and birds' eggs. He was never intrusive with his love, but made Aunt Augusta conscious of it every step she walked, and with every breath she breathed. It was below her, above her, and all around her. "He often brought her letters from Sam, and carried hers for him to the office.

"All things are fair in love," said he to himself. So now and then he forgot to mail, or to deliver one, dropping it in the fire instead. At last, as his love grew hotter and more impatient, he kept them back altogether, and still never allowed Aunt Augusta to lose sight or thought of himself.

Thus the time passed, until Sam Averill having made and lost and made tunity by waiting to make himself fine, well," continued mother, humbler still, he connon miner ----- home to time Augusta and settle down."

Suddenly one day he appeared before my Uncle Nathan, travel-worn and brown and shaggy. My uncle received him with great cordiality. "Sam, I'm glad to see you!" said he.

How have you fared all this great, long "Fair to middling. Where's Augusta ?" returned Sam.

"Oh, Augusta! She is all right. Yo go to the tavern and fix up, and I'll find Augusta. I will be around in an hour or so, and call for you. Augusta will be proper glad to see you, and so'll the rest of the folks. I don't know when there has been such a surprise in Coos before.' So Sam went off with his houest heart

to find a razor and a wash bowl, and my uncle Nathan did a very mean thing. He went straight to Abner Stanton. "Abner," said he, going into the smithy, out

"Here is an old friend you will be strings flew, and she nor her guest seem- his might, emphasizing and illustrating glad to see, Augusta," said he, opening his words by pointing with his blunt fin- the door of my aunt's workroom, where she sat stitching the pocket of a primroseping up from the tea-table as soon as she | So if anybody had neglected to look at | colored vest, and looking fresh as a hundred primroses herself.

"It is Sam !" said she faintly, starting to her feet and dropping her work. It was Sam. Sam come at last, with his long-smoldering love and his tardy

"You are too late! An hour too late!"

"You haven't done right, Augusta." said Sam. "You belong to me; you have The next day he came to get a vest always belonged to me, and you ought

"You didn't say anything," returned

one, Jonathan, and he died sudden,-all fore he was there again to bring a letter. turned Sam. "I never thought of anyat once ; well, it must be something like "I happened to see it at the post-of- body else. I never should think of anyus in your prayers. It is something to half-a-dozen years ago, -and left his fice when I went after my paper, and so body else, and it didn't occur to me that know, as we sit and shiver, that we are wife and so many children-five children I brought it along. I could as well as you would. You must marry this person now you have promised him, of course.

though, just the same."

They said no more : there was nothsmoke in my house, but I had nothing "you are not foolish enough to set your ing more to be said, and in a month my married. Sam Averill stayed till after

> houses and lands and gold and minesheart that had once been filled by his ing in upon mother and me as we sat at We hope it will be done. - Woodstock as one with whom association is unde-

Aunt Augusta's married life had not blessoms in her hair at once, and anoth- man to take in a mean habit temporari- and knife. "Lay your overcoat right off er at her throat, while Abner Stanton ly, for it will stick to him, and Abner and sit by and have a cup of tea with Stanton's character never recovered from us. Augusta always was decided, and

er said, "he got so close he could sit, if possible for him. and seven more like him, on a three-cent piece." Finally, one day, under some provocation, he told aunt Augusta about tentions. I must have been a self-conthe lost letters.

Abner," said she. "You ought not to

have told me. I can never forgive you." She never did. Always after, there seemed to be something separating them. cold and hard and transparent as ice. until at last they agreed to live apart. And so they did until the death of Mr. Stanton. Now aunt Augusta was living surrounded by her children and grand- hard day, I went off to bed and left them children, comfortable and happy.

Mother brought down thus the story of aunt Augusta's life, while Mr. Averill listened, eager and excited. When she had finished he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and starting up, began to walk the floor.

"I will start for Portland to-morrow morning and see what Augusta will have to say to me. I am of the same mind I always was. I never hankered for a moment after any other woman, and I am as ready to marry her to-day as ever I

So the next day I saw him on the Portland train, gray with years, but youthful with expectation.

but with the grime and dust of travel -- to him he went directly to 11. house of aunt Augusta's daughter, with whom she is living.

"Where is Mrs. Stanton? I want to the door was opened.

you please," replied the housemaid, open- sorry it happened as it did. But now ing the door of the sitting room.

Mr. Averill stepped quickly forward. fore on some kind of primrose-colored you first and get your advice." stuff, with her eyes as black and bright as ever. But the primroses were faded in her cheeks, and she wore a cap on her

"I have come for you again, Augusta. Am I too late this time ?" cried the im-

out of her eves once more.

"Bless us ! If it isn't Sam Averill, nose and all !" she said, holding up her

From twenty to fifty is but as a watch aunt Augusta.

look wonderful natural, but dear me, made by those on shore to assist in resold as well as myself."

ed by any side issues.

Every woman I've ever seen seemed like appliances were brought into requisition think of you. I have made my fortune, mouth of the river. But the men on and all I want now is you to come and this fragile raft were not to be lost. just as it always was."

her youngest grandchild lay asleep.

was well. Nothing more; nothing about core. I have always liked him, and you marrying Stanton. He didn't turn out they lost no time in doing, all being savto be the man I took him for. He prov- ed just as the ice again broke up and ed contrary and ornery, and beside he went booming out of the Kansas into wrote letters in disguise. But that is the Missouri river. all over and past, and can't be undone. And now I am in the midst of my chil. dren with my grandchildren growing up as regards big trees, and may conclude about me, and I am in my right place. to open her doors as a place of resort in I shouldn't be contented to leave every- opposition to California. Joseph Hath- of pure and wholesome thought as habthing and go off to a new country to be- away has lately cut an elm on his prem- itual purity of speech. By his convergin the world over again, as it were. I jees the circumference of which, four am too old an oak to be transplanted.

have talked till he was at the age of Me- saw logs, which he sold for \$48. The is there, where no restraint is supposed thuselah. Aunt Augusta had made up remainder made five cords of stove wood. to be placed upon his words, that you her mind, and an earthquake couldn't It was estimated that the whole tree discover his true sature. If he be given

supper a few evenings after, 'not a word,' Standard.

"I want to know if that is so !" cried the twist those intercepted letters gave you couldn't turn her after she got her If you were a sister of mine, you it. I don't know what, but something mind fixed. She wouldn't keep you long was always going wrong between them. waiting for your answer, either. Well, following colloquy ensues: Even their children proved barriers in- it is likely it is for the best ; we will stead of bonds. As he grew older his hope so," pursued mother, reaching over natural economy and thrift became to put an extra lump of sugar in Mr. stronger and stronger, until, as my moth- Averill's cup, as though to sweeten life

"It serves me right in taking it for granted that Augusta understood my inceited, inconsiderate fool. But it seems "You oughtn't to have told me that, hard that a body can't work his way out

of a blunder in a whole lifetime. Mother looked full of sympathy, and dropped another lump of sugar in Mr. Averill's cup. To my astonishment he seemed to relish it the better, as if life

were growing sweeter and sweeter. Mother and Mr. Averill sat up late that night; so late that as I had had a talking over old times and purring like

a couple of cats by the kitchen fire. After breakfast the next morning, my mother followed me into the hall when I started for the office.

"I want to speak with you, Elwell, just a minute," said she, stroking my coat-sleeve, tremulously. "What should you say to my going back to California along with Mr. Averill ?"

"You, mother !" I cried, feeling as if the world had tumbled off its axis. "Why, it is auut Augusta he wants. It is Augusta, or nobody !"" "Yes, so it was," returned mother,

humbly, "but Sam says I seem more like Augusta, as she used to be, than she This time he did not waste his oppor- does herself. To tell you the truth, El-"I suppose it wouldn't have taken much days ; I always thought the world and all of him; but he seemed to take rath-

er more to Augusta. She was always see her right away." said he, as soon as nineteen to the dozen, and I never could hold my own against her. Then your "You will find her here; walk in, if father, he came along, and I never was you don't need me, and Sam and I have about concluded to make arrangements, Yes, there she sat, stitching away as be- only I told him I must have a talk with

Get my advice! Dear little mother I was not idiotic enough to offer it if I had any advice to give. So she and Mr.

Averill went on and 'made arrangements.' Which arrangements were that that day two weeks, after a quiet wedding at the minister's, they started off for Cali-The roses came back to aunt Augus- fornia together, to begin life anew on ta's cheeks, and the red-hot arrows shot each other's account, as blithe and joyous as two birds on the wing .- From the Aldine for February.

arms, come around with the rights and of alarm from those on shore and those duties of full-grown men and women, who now perceived themselves going that you remember one is no longer down stream on a cake of ice which was young at fifty. But the sight of Sam within a hundred yards of the rushing, Averill's gray hairs and wrinkles were turbid waters of the Missouri riveras good as a looking-glass to remind my | these, combined with the cracking of the immense mass of ice, made a scene of "Sit down, Sam," said she, "and let commotion as exciting as it was interme look at you. It seems like the real esting. After the first alarm had someold times to see you once more. You what subsided, a concerted attempt was how you have changed ! You've grown cuing the men and horses now on the floating cake of ice. It was plainly ev-But Mr. Averill was not to be divert- ident that if the vast sheet of rotten ice should reach the mouth of the river it "Augusta," said he earnestly, "I made | would be broken up in the rapid current a serious mistake once. It was not a of the Missouri river, and men and mistake about my own mind, however : teams must go down among the confusion that remains the same it always was, of broken ice. Ropes, planks and other a tallow candle beside the sun when I as the ice-raft floated slowly toward the share it with me. It is you, or nobody. Man himself was powerless to restrain the vast sheet of ice or to bridge over Maybe aunt Augusta's heart throbbed | the smooth, placid chasm between it and a little with the old yearning toward the and shore. But Providence came in at love of her youth, but she shook her the last moment. The raft drifted so head with unhesitating decision, as she that its widest part came across the put out her hand to stir the cradle where stream, reaching from shore to shore. This gorged the ice for a few minutes. "It can never be, Sam," said she. "I but long enough to allow the imperiled

Woodstock stands in the front rank feet from the groud, was 21 feet. He always pretty accurately form an opin-Well, after that Mr. Averill might cut the main portion into 4000 feet of jon as to the moral worth of a man. It would have made 12 cords of wood. Now to looseness of discourse, or his mind So Mr. Averill again went away alone, it is proposed to cut off a section of the wanders to the discussion of subjects "Well, Amelia, Augusta wouldn't butt and put it up in some prominent proscribed in mixed company or respechave a word to say to me," said be, walk- place in the village for examination. table society, you may justly mark him

A NEW ARKANSAS TRAVELER.

The scene is a dilapidated log cabin in Arkansas. Its character, a trapper seated on an inverted tub playing the first part of a familiar air upon an old violin, and his wife and children in the background. A stranger enters, and the

Stranger-How do you do, sir? Are

Trapper-Stranger, kin you call a man who eats three square meals a day, drinks hearty, and sleeps sound, 'well?'

Stranger-I think I could. How long have you been living here? Trapper - D've see that mountain

Stranger-Well? Trapper-That wor h'var when I come

h'var. (Fiddles.) Stranger-Thank you for the infor-

Trapper-You're welcome. Stranger-Can I stay here to-night? Trapper-Well, you can't stay h'yar. Stranger-How long will it take to get to the next tavern?

Trapper-Well, you'll not get there at all, if you stand thar foolin' with me all night. (Fiddles.)

Stranger-How far do you call it to the next tavern? Trapper-I reckon it's upward o' some

Stranger-Do you keep any spirits in the house? Trapper-I guess thar is plenty down

in the graveyard. (Fiddles.) Stranger-How do you cross the river ahead? Trapper-The ducks swim across.-

(Fiddles.) of the road? Trapper-The roads ain't forked vet

Trapper-Well, it ain't moved a step since I've been h'var.

Stranger-Why don't you repair the

in these diggins. (Fiddles.)

roof of your house? It must leak. Trapper-Cos it has been raining like all creation for three weeks. (Fiddles.) Stranger-Why don't you mend it

when in ain't raining? Trapper-Cos then it don't leak .--(Fiddles.) Stranger-Why don't you play the

second part of that tune? Trapper-Cos I don't know it; kin

Stranger-I can.

Trapper-You kin! Look h'yar, stranger, any man who kin play the second part of that kin go right into Congress

Stranger-Give me the fiddle. (Takes the fiddle and plays the entire tune.) Trapper-(Yelling with joy)-That's SIXTY MEN ADRIFT ON A CAKE OF ICE. it, by goll! Do it again, stranger, Yan--Sixty men with their teams, industri- key! (Shaking hands.) H'yar, stranger, in the night, then the years are past; ously at work cutting and hauling ice make yourself at home. You kin stay and it is only when an old lady nods tri- on the Kansas river, the other day, a week-liv and die h'yar if it's agreeumphantly at you from the looking glass suddenly found themselves swiftly glid- able. Hyar, Sal, bring out that jug. saying, "Here I am, my dear!" or when ing down the stream on a huge ice-raft an' go dig some sasafrax root, an' make children that you have nursed in your of their own making. Shouts and cries the stranger a cup of tea. Shake hands again, stranger. By goll, you're a trump

> -you are! Play it again! THE MAN WHO KNEW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO AT A FIRE. - There might have been a disastrous fire on Fourth street, Saturday, but for the heroism displayed by a man named Sweetman. He was passing along when he saw little flames creeping around the chimney, and he dashed into the house. He shouted 'fire' until the house rang: he seized a bureau and threw it over, and called to one of the family to go and sound the alarm. The bureau was left lying on the floor, and Sweetman gathered up a table and ran into the yard. He sent a small boy to sound another alarm, and ran in and began racking a bedstead to pieces, at the same time ordering the women to throw everything out of doors. He got the bedstead down, and ran out doors and rushed a third boy to a fire-alarm box, and then went in and carefully brought out the wood-box and a floor mat. The women were meanwhile shoveling the parlor furniture out of doors, and as soon as Sweetman had flung the looking-glass through the back window and torn the baby's crib to pieces, he ran in and helped them, while another messenger was sent to jerk an alarm out of a letter-box on the lamp-post. While Sweetman was thus working heroically another man had climbed upon the 'roof and put out the fire, and three or four more came upon the scene just in time to prevent Sweetman from throwing the piano down cellar to give himself room

to work .- Detroit Free Press. Nothing so strongly indicates the man sation among his own kind, you may